# THE MEASURE
## A JOURNAL OF POETRY

*Compass*, by Louise Townsend Nicholl - - - - -
Poems, by William Alexander Percy, Grace Hazard Conkling, Anne Seccombe, and Others - - - - -
In Review: Léonie Adams and the Elizabethans - -


$2.50 by the Year - - - - - - - - - - - - -Single Copies 25c
Editorial Office - - - - 335 East 17th Street, New York, N. Y.
Published Monthly - - - - - - - - - - - - - Cornwall, N. Y.
Number 60 - - - - - - - - - - - - - - February, 1926

Entered as second-class matter February 4, 1924, at the post office at Cornwall, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1876

# Contents


POEMS PAGE

Compass. By Louise Townsend Nicholl ..... 3

Release. By Anne Seccombe ..... 4

Against Analysis. By Anne Seccombe ..... 4

The Old Men. By Anne Seccombe ..... 4

These Are Winged Folk. By Anne Seccombe ..... 5

Heard in a Monastery. By William Alexander Percy ..... 5

Three Old Tunes. By William Alexander Percy ..... 6

Proposed Barter. By Grace Hazard Conkling ..... 7

Change. By Henri Faust ..... 8

Postlude of a Visionary. By Henri Faust ..... 8

Garden Tea. By Lord Stites ..... 9

PROSE

"The Intricate Lovely Play of Sense." By Rolfe Humphries 10

Notes and Comments ..... 15

Index ..... 16

# The Measure

*A Journal of Poetry*

NUMBER 60 FEBRUARY, 1926

## Compass

YOU are a delicate instrument;
Your balanced needle swings free
To indicate the zenith-bent
Meridian of me.

So large a circle on so strange
A sphere whose only proof is you!
But I'll imagine such a range—
Your needle points true.

I am as safe as worlds are
Since, exquisitely back and forth,
You hold your sensitized steel bar
To my magnetic North.

*Louise Townsend Nicholl*

Copyright, 1926, by the Editors

## Release

DARLING . . . ,
Not the adventurous hawk
Nor the young wild starling,
Fleet winged for her shrill flying,
Knows the desire for it
More than the heart crying
From under the boulder of life
To the ice-pale sky,
From under the world's shoulder
And pregnant thigh.

## Against Analysis

OH, do not break it apart
Like a wind-fallen pomegranate husk!
Who splits it to the deep core
Between dusk and another dusk,
Tastes the stark futility
Of a fruit that slakes no more
This miraculous intensity,
This thirsty mouth of the heart.

## The Old Men

THE merciless old men,
Clinging like withered apples on a twig
Of life that has so long defeated them,
Scan the tree, to themselves seem big.

And there is youth put forth
Like strong leaves growing out of twisted root
And always old men laying hold on it
With the soft rot of mildewed fruit.

## These Are Winged Folk

THESE are winged folk whose silver speech
Falls like starlight upon a tree,
Whose limbs are moulded gracefully
As the slim shadows in a beech.

They learn a subtleness that tames
Wild things, that quenches or can find
A fluttering spark within the mind
That sets a little world in flames.

And they are proud as a tall tree
That wears a hill wind's secret look,
In last night's storm they scarcely shook,
But shall go down in mystery.

*Anne Seccombe*

## Heard in a Monastery Garden

ALL in the blue blue morning
Our Lady led our Lord
Whose eyes were blue like flowers
Along a lilied sward.
He touched the lily throats and laughed
Like any blond wee child;
Like any mother, she
Touched his and smiled. . . .
I have a morning-glory,
I have a golden gourd—
I need our Lady
And a blond wee lord.

# Three Old Tunes

## I

I HAVE no knowledge what it was
That Atlas stood upon,
The time he hove the burly world
And held it in the sun—
Ignorance that alone prevents
My shouldering as much,
Who reel to lift sunflower-high
A bubble-soul or such.

## II

Damocles, friend Damocles,
Felicitous in single doom,
High in the dark of my own room
So many sword-blades tug and tease
I envy luck like Damocles'.

## III

I knew Midas, I knew him well.
I am familiar with his hell.
He sought to ease—poor desperate leach—
The bursting of his heart by speech,
And chose for hearers of his shame
Reeds that suck mud and have no name,
Fancying though they'd shed no tear
They might than man (his brother dear)
Calumniate less tauntingly
God's curse and his deformity.
(Midas, Midas, couldn't you guess?
Cracked bells should be clapperless.)

*William Alexander Percy*

# Proposed Barter

FOR one New England pinewood on a hill,
Ringed with tall birches peering whitely in,
Where only mushroom folk are standing still,
So buoyant is the brown-gold air, so thin
The pretext for mere stillness, (how much more
The birches like their tiptoe life! how wild
The half-grown pinetree like a romping child!)
For one sheep-pasture with a nibbled floor
Of green-gray turf where puff-balls gleam like nails,
For sweet-briar wands much traveled by blue snails
And sweet-briar bloom much loitered in by bees,
For goldenrod along a twisted lane,
Give me a tawny country without trees
That runs to cactus through transparent miles.
Give me the rhythm of a wilful plain
Frosted with alkali like silver salt,
That wants its own way, scorning change of seasons
Unless to let the prickly-pear try out
Its brusque ideas of flowering, curious styles
In color or design: or for good reasons
To let the marching April yucca halt
To dream within its ivory tower all day.
Give me sharp mountain rims that have no doubt
Of their own sapphire armor, shield and spear.
Give me that salamander in the red dust.
Never ask why. How could I make it clear?
I knew all these: hunger for them I must.
White thistle-poppies at the canyon-mouth
Recur . . . and I would live where through the year
The spiked *biznaga* leans always a little south.

*Grace Hazard Conkling*

## Change

RETURNING through the woods I mark a change
Breathed upon verdant leaves, as definitely
As when the earth grows luminous and strange
At a cloud blotting the stark moon: each tree
Is made aware, and I know in this hour
The quick sap is coloured while leaves stand still;
A doom is breathed upon each late-bloomed flower,
And every sensate thing bows to the will
Exacting change: much as I bowed when you,
A cool ivory messenger, made known
An autumn change born in your caverned fire;
Bowed, and while returning through the woods view
The still-green leaves with lethal colors blown
On my own summer subject to desire.

## Postlude of a Visionary

HAVING lived lonely and within the dream,
Regarding the hand-clasp a bleak contact
Of barren flesh and my life a thick stream
Not deep for voyage; knowing utter lack
Of such husks as men grow war-like over;
A votary of April twilights dim
With orchid tints and scented with clover—
Fevered in my dreams and broken by whim—
I am come at length to regard my toil
(Last bulwark) as done, and assign these scraps,
Dictated through dream-intervals, to soil,
Whence go the fierce utterances of all men;
Knowing, I think, in the quiet that saps
Futile breath, a matrix where truths begin.

*Henri Faust*

# Garden Tea

IN the cool, sub-aqueous atmosphere
Beneath the plane trees of my host
Fine, fat white-bellied carp glide here
And there with plates of tea and toast;
Sleek black dog fish, pets of these,
Move solidly, dispensing boast
Of quantities of life consumed.
An ancient tunny tries to freeze
Her ebbing youth—'tis thereby doomed—
By eating ices. Mysteries
Of love between a goldfish and
A mountain trout; in pleasantries
Of slanderous banter, wriggling band
Of female pike discussing teas
And two dyspeptic conger eels who stare
Like dead ones held in alien air. . . .

And so the tea goes on. A time
Of monotone with phrases dropped
In boring sequence like the lime
Of pigeons on cathedral ledge
And architrave. Soon the edge
Of welcome evening comes and here
And there the guests depart, each stopped
In vain by over subtle. . . . "Must
You go so soon? We'd only just
Begun to chat. . . ." The atmosphere
Grows darker, then sudden fear
Of rain disperses guests and host,
And through the empty garden walks
The echoing of sound, the ghost
Of laughter strolling in the rain.

*Lord Stites*

# The Measure ❧ A Journal of Poetry

Published monthly by the Editors at 335 East 17th St., New York

*Edited by Léonie Adams, Joseph Auslander, Louise Bogan, Padraic Colum, Lindley Williams Hubbell, Rolfe Humphries, George O'Neil, E. Merrill Root, Genevieve Taggard.*
*Associate Editors—Hervey Allen, and Frank Ernest Hill.*
*Acting Editor—Lindley Williams Hubbell.*


## *"The Intricate Lovely Play of Sense"*

*(Elizabethan Lyrics. Norman Ault. Longmans, Green, and Co., 1925.)*

*(Those Not Elect. Léonie Adams. Robert M. McBride and Co., 1925.)*

RUPERT BROOKE wrote * of the years 1600-1610—"The whole age was alive with passion and the serious stuff of art. Nor was it only that so much stuff of great merit was produced in this short time. Nearly all the work of the period shared, apart from its goodness, in a special atmosphere. It is extremely important to recognize the absolute distinctness and supreme greatness of this period, its sudden appearance and its swift and complete end. There is only space here to hint at its characteristic features. It was heralded (poetry is generally a few years ahead of drama) by Shakespeare's sonnets, and the poems of Donne—who, in spite of Ben Jonson, did not write all his best things before 1598. Poets, and men in general, had reached a surfeit of beauty. The Renaissance joy in loveliness, the romantic youthfulness of the age, the wave of cheerful patriotism, all passed at the same time. Boyhood passed. Imagination at this time suddenly woke to life. Its flights

* *John Webster and the Elizabethan Drama.*

were to the strangest corners and the pitchiest barathrum of the deep. Intellect was pressed into the service of the emotions, and the emotions were beaten into fantastic figures by the intellect. The nature of man became suddenly complex, and grew bitter at its own complexity. The lust of fame and the desire for immortality were racked by a perverse hunger for only oblivion; and the consummation of human love was observed to take place within the bright, black walls of a flea. It seemed as though all thought and all the arts at this time became almost incoherent with the strain of an inhuman energy within them, and a Titanic reaching for impossible ends. Poetry strove to adumbrate infinity, or, finding mysticism too mild, to take the most secret Kingdom of Heaven by storm. Imagination, seeking arcane mysteries, would startle the soul from its lair by unthinkable paradoxes. Madness was curiously explored, and all the doubtful coasts that lay between delirium and sanity. The exultations of living were re-invigorated by the strength of a passionate pessimism; for even scepticism in that age was fecund and vigorous, and rejoiced in the whirling gloom it threw over life. The mind, intricately considering its extraordinary prison of flesh, pondered long on the exquisite transiency of the height of love, and the long decomposition that death brings. . . ."

Enough has been quoted, I think, to revise our random notion of the Elizabethans, and to greet in them cousins nearer than we reckon. It is not such a preposterous idea, though decked with some flattery of our time, to suppose that this preface could be given, without substantial injustice, to Miss Taggard's anthology.* We have been looking at the Elizabethans with no more equipment than what Shaw calls bardolatry, and a cursory glance into *Palgrave's Golden Treasury,* or the *Oxford Book of English Verse.* Our prevalent impression is that of a giant surrounded by people like the French in the geographies, a gay and light-hearted folk, fond of dancing and light wines. We have the Maypole constantly before our eyes, but we forget

*That time of year thou may'st in me behold*
*When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang*
*Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,*
*Bare ruin'd choirs where late the sweet birds sang.*

We say glibly that Shakespeare had little Latin and less Greek, that Webster knew Latin only through other men's quotations, but we

** May Days, an Anthology of Masses-Liberator Verse, 1912-1924.*

are too ready to impute to the whole area the native wood-note wild. Keats' sonnet should remind us better, for instance, of Chapman; Heywood translated Sallust, Ovid, and Lucian; Campion paraphrased Catullus and Horace. There were men in whom eclectism and widespread erudition reached Alexandrian proportions; John Donne professed that his verse "embraced the worst voluptuousness, an hydroptic immoderate desire of human learning and languages."

Norman Ault's book of lyrics is not only the latest, but also the most complete and exhaustive collection of its kind. It is especially to be recommended to those who prefer their Elizabethans drawn mild. Both the virtues and vices are those of complete scholarliness. I am, I trust, no lewder than most fellows of the baser sort, but my resentment stirs fitfully at the frequent commentary "Stanza omitted." The consequence is that, in a sense, the book turns too much to favour and to prettiness. Rupert Brooke's commentary is splendid, if merciless: "If literary criticism crosses Lethe, and we could hear the comments of the foul-mouthed ghosts of Shakespeare, Marlowe, and Webster on this too common attitude, their outspoken uncleanness would prostrate Professor Schelling and his friends. . . . What is relevant is a protest that such thin-lipped writers are not only ridiculous on this point, but also, for all their learning and patience, without sufficient authority in Elizabethan literature. The Elizabethans liked obscenity; and the primness and wickedness that do not like it, have no business with them."

With that reservation, then, Professor Ault's book is heartily commendable. Twice as many poets are included as in any previous collection, and over a hundred more poems. The poems, moreover, are presented in chronological order, an arrangement of untold value to the student who is interested in the gradations of lyric development. The editor has, in every case, gone back to original sources in so far as possible, and has thus in some cases been enabled to discover earlier or more authentic versions than hitherto believed in existence. He has, in some cases, reprinted poems that have not been set up in type "since the first edition was struck, more than three centuries ago, on the old wooden screw-presses of a Colwell or a Jones." Most striking of all, Professor Ault has found ten poems never before printed: one of them alone, it seems to me, justifies all his labor—

*A Shadow*

*I heard a noise, and wishèd for a sight,*
*I looked for life, and did a shadow see*
*Whose substance was the sum of my delight,*
*Which came unseen, and so did go from me.*
*Yet hath conceit persuaded my content*
*There was a substance where the Shadow went.*

*I did not play Narcissus in conceit,*
*I did not see my shadow in a spring:*
*I know my eyes were dimmed with no deceit,*
*I saw the shadow of some worthy thing:*
*For, as I saw the shadow glancing by,*
*I had a glimpse of something in mine eye.*

*But what it was, alas, I cannot tell,*
*Because of it I had no perfect view:*
*But as it was, by guess, I wish it well*
*And will until I see the same anew.*
*Shadow, or she, or both, or choose you whither:*
*Blest be the thing that brought the shadow hither!*

* * * * *

A thousand years hence, when *The Measure* and *The New Republic* and Mr. Untermeyer's anthologies are dust gone through a common sieve, a scholar will solve his perplexities over Léonie Adams with the suggestion that 1925, the date commonly assigned to *Those Not Elect,* is a printer's inversion for 1625. His fellows with happy cries will take up the brilliant conjecture. They will not be so far wrong. Sir John Dowland's book of airs would surprise no one by including

*In Rhyming Sweet*

*What so sweetly rhymed as woe,*
*Or as sorrow garlanded,*
*When of weeping eyes is said*
*The melancholy-pretty flow?*
*Tears the dust drank long ago,*
*Grief that got an easy bed,*
*What so sweetly rhymed as woe,*
*Or as sorrow garlanded?*
*Or who of reading rhymes would know*
*Cheeks with tears are gallèd so,*
*And those drops the eyes must shed*
*In the breast are perfected?*

*What so sweetly rhymed as woe?*

The quotation is not typical; Miss Adams is rather a late Elizabethan, of the dark dispensation of Donne and Webster. Scholiasts may adduce detailed correspondences of rhythm or verbiage; I can scarcely resist pointing out Webster's

*Till irksome noise have cloy'd your ears*
*And corrosiv'd your hearts,*

and Miss Adams'

*Earth is our mother, whose corrosive bed*
*From death to dust woos the disdaining dead.*

But perhaps in an age reft of property, questions of influence and borrowings will be less agitating to the bookmen.

Like the dark Elizabethans, Miss Adams' fancy runs on grisly spectres

*Death is master at this feast,*
*And our breath the fee to dine*

Nearly a quarter of the poems in the book rhyme on *breath-death,* and the skinny Philostrate stalks through other stanzas—*Death and the Lady,* I am sorry, is too long to quote, beautiful and perfect poem that it is.

*Death to the Lady said,*
*While she to dancing-measure still*
*Would move, while beauties on her lay,*
*Simply as dews the buds do fill,*
*Death said, "Stay!*
*Tell me, Lady,*
*If in your breast the lively breath*
*May flicker for a little space,*
*What ransom will you give to Death,*
*Lady?", he said.*
*"Oh not one joy, oh not one grace,—"*

and so until the very end

*"Beauties I claim at morning-prime,*
*But the lack-lustre in good time,"*
*Death said to the Lady.*

In nature, the visible world draws the seeing eye on past mortal vision: thus, in town, the *Spire of St. Patrick's and the Moon;* or, in the country, *Hilltop Churchyards,* or

*Twilight of the Wood*

*Leaf is no more now than corruption's scent,*
*But beautiful are the trees above their dead,*
*This hour with their summer beauties spent,*
*When desolate of the thousand sweets they shed,*
*As to that last and western rite made bare,*
*Their boughs let drop the amber-yielding cup*
*That leaves no stain upon the crystal air;*
*And thinly in their midst a tune goes up:*
*Then who might sing in all the muted wood?*
*Its waters locked, no single bird, no leaf;*
*It is not higher than the living blood*
*Will sound in bodies stony-dull with grief;*
*And thus, when death has taken all the rest,*
*Life's self is heard within earth's icy breast.*

Of her living contemporaries, Miss Adams has been likened to Miss Bogan. Let us be rid of the notion once and for all; despite a

common darkness, a north-northwesterly madness in the blood, these two girls are no more alike than Ophelia and Cassandra. Another accusation is that of being literary and other-worldly. Which means, I suppose, that Léonie Adams is no Havelock Ellis; and yet few psycho-analysts come any closer to the center than the last quatrain of the title poem

*Never taste that fruit with the soul*
*Whereof the body may not eat,*
*Lest flesh at length lay waste the soul*
*In its sick heat.*

As for obscurity, yield to soliloquy its own idiom. "Poets talk to themselves out loud, and the world overhears them." Whether the world listens, or, listening, comprehends, is its own affair. Here is imagination all compact; here is the word wrought of a dreaming bosom.

*Rolfe Humphries*

# *Notes and Comment*

ORDINARILY we have no crocodile tears to shed over the death of our contemporaries. There are too many poetry magazines, and most of them are no damn good. But *The Fugitive* was probably the best of the lot; and the announcement of its suspension is a matter for genuine regret.

Southern readers may be interested to learn of a $10 prize, offered by the Tennessee Women Press and Authors' Club in memory of Maria Thompson Daviess. The contest closes April 1st; there is no restriction of subject, but fourteen lines is the maximum permitted. Persons born in the South, or now resident there are eligible, and entries should be mailed to Elizabeth Thompson, 1919 Adelicia Ave., Nashville, Tenn.

New subscribers, by special arrangement with the publishers, are advised of a combination by which *The Measure,* together with *Voices,* may be secured for $3.50, for an annual subscription,—*i.e.* twelve numbers of *The Measure* and nine of *Voices.* The latter suspends publication during the summer months. The regular price for the two magazines is $4.50.

Response to our recent appeals warrants the following announcement: commencing with the March number, we shall award a monthly prize of $10 for the best poem in each number, decision be-

ing the duty of the acting editor. In addition, every poet whose work is accepted by *The Measure* will be put on the subscription list, or, if he prefers, may designate another person to receive the magazine in his stead.

We wish to acknowledge our appreciation to those who have made possible this initial step, and to assure others, who may be interested in our aims to pay poets well, that we have by no means exhausted our willingness to receive further contributions. *The Measure,* let us remind you at the end of its fifth year, is edited and managed in the spare time of people who work for their living; no one of them has ever made a penny from the magazine. But they have gone deeply into their hearts, and, at times, their own pockets, in the interests of its success. We hope, in these five years, we have not entirely failed.

# *INDEX, Numbers 49-60*

## March 1925-February 1926


POEMS

Adams, Jean, *Life*.....August
*Adjustment,* Robinson Jeffers.....December
*Afternoon,* George H. Dillon.....May
*Against Analysis,* Anne Seccombe....February
*Altitude,* Prescott Hoard.....Octobe
*Ambition,* Prescott Hoard.....March
*"And if You fear the Darkness,"* N. Bryllion Fagin.....December
*Apprenticed,* Josephine Pollitt.....September
*Autumn,* Henri Faust.....November
*Babies,* Flora Bishop.....September
*Barriers,* Dorothy Burgess.....March
*Be Not Afraid of Beauty,* Edward Sapir..July
*Before Sleep,* William Foster Elliot..November
Bishop, Flora, *Babies*.....November
*Negro, A*.....November
*Black Sheep,* Horace Gregory.....November
Black, MacKnight, *City Eyes*.....January
*Flowers*.....November
*Lightnings*.....January
*Machine-Born*.....January
*Machine-Strength*.....January
*New Mother*.....January
*Skyscrapers*.....November
*Skyscrapers, Murky Morning*.....November
*Stark*.....January
*Turbine*.....January
*Turbine at High Speed*.....January
*Turbine Heart*.....January
Blackburn, Mary,*Hired Jim*.....August
*Tag*.....August
Bogan, Louise, *The Flume*.....June
*"Born Dumb in Darkness,"* Katherine Newton December
*Boy and the World,* Harold Vinal....November
*Bride and Groom,* LeBaron Cooke....September
Burgess, Dorothy, *Barriers*.....March
*The Unknown Wind*.....March
*Burial,* Anne Singleton.....June
*Burial of St. Brendan, The,* Padraic Colum April
*Buried Cities,* Louis Ginsberg.....January
*Change,* Henri Faust.....February
Campbell, Helen, *Elegy*.....December
Challis, James Courtney, *"No Trespassing"* October
*Christ Bearing the Cross,* Marie Luhrs....July
*Chronicle,* Edward Sapir.....May
*Church,* Walter Hendricks.....August
*City Eyes,* MacKnight Black.....January
*Clouds at Evening,* Robinson Jeffers..December
Colum, Padraic, *The Burial of St. Brendan* May
*Compass,* Louise Townsend Nicholl....February
Conkling, Grace Hazard, *Proposed Barter* February
*Conservative, A,* Philip Furnas.....September
*Contrasts,* Prescott Hoard.....October
*Conventional Song,* George H. Dillon.....May

Cook, Harold Lewis, *Mortal Rose, The*..March
*When You are Here*.....March
Cooke, LeBaron, *Bride and Groom*..September
*Storm, The* .....September
Cooksley, S. Bert, *Voyage*.....November
Corning, Howard McKinley, *Narrative* October
*Reading Epitaphs*.....January
*Song Has Wings*.....August
*Time is a Spade*.....January
Cosand, Gladys, *Cows Ears*.....August
*Practical Soul, A*.....August
*Counsel for Autumn,* Anne Singleton.....June
Cruikshank, Dorothy, *Monotone*.....September
*Portrait* .....December
*Day-End,* Abbie Huston Evans.....November
*Death, A,* Loretta Roche.....July
Dillon, George H., *Afternoon*.....May
*Conventional Song*.....May
*In Regions of Late War*.....May
*In Two Months Now*.....March
*Legend* .....July
*On Bones* .....November
*Pantomime for a Spring Twilight*.....May
*These Springs Articulate*.....May
*Doom,* Mary Thro.....September
Drayton, Daniel, *Sonnet*.....March
Dresbach, Glenn Ward, *If Scars are Worth the Keeping* .....January
*Mountains* .....January
*Elegy,* Helen Campbell.....December
*Elegy for a Young Girl,* Anne Seccombe August
*Ellen,* Abbie Huston Evans.....November
Elliot, William Foster, *Before Sleep*..November
*Epistle,* W. L.....April
*Eucalyptus,* Alzire Nelson.....October
Evans, Abbie Huston, *Day-End*.....November
*Ellen* .....November
*Eye-Minded Blindman,* Ronald Gordon December
Fagin, N. Bryllion, *"And if You Fear the Darkness"* .....December
*To a Little Girl*.....December
Faust, Henri, *Autumn*.....November
*Postlude of a Visionary*.....February
*Change* .....February
*Strangeness not of Promise, A*....November
*Flowers,* MacKnight Black.....November
*Flume, The,* Louise Bogan.....June
*For a Proud Lady,* Margaret Mead.....June
*For the Mother of Lydia,* Josephine Pollitt September
*Forethought,* Elizabeth Sanderson.....July
*Forgive Me,* Lindley Williams Hubbell....June
*Forsaken Garden,* Josephine Pollitt..September
Frank, Florence Kiper, *Manhattan*....November
Furnas, Philip, *A Conservative*.....September
Gilbert, Dorothy, *Puritan Dress*.....September
Ginsberg, Louis, *Buried Cities*.....January
*Rush Hour* .....January
*Tropic Waters* .....August
Gordon, Ronald, *Eye-Minded Blindman* December
Gray, Philip, *Sculpture*.....December
Gregory, Horace, *Black Sheep*.....November
*Decoration* .....November
*Old King David Sings*.....November
Harding, Katherine Washburn, *Perplexity* November
*Hawker's Song,* William Alexander Percy November
*Heard in a Monastery Garden,* William Alexander Percy .....February
Hendricks, Walter, *Church*.....August
*In a Fish Store*.....August
*Is Freedom but a Name?*.....September
*John Weathervane*.....August
*Sophist* .....September
*Specialization* .....September
*Hired Jim,* Mary Blackburn.....August
*Hounds,* George O'Neil.....July
Hubbell, Lindley Williams, *Forgive Me* October
*Poems* .....October
*Remember This* .....July
Humphries, Rolfe, *Sonnet No. 326*.....February
*If Scars are Worth the Keeping,* Glenn Ward Dresbach .....January
*In a Fish Store,* Walter Hendricks.....August
*In Regions of Late War,* George H. Dillon May
*In the Gallery of Antiquities,* George O'Neil March
*In Two Months Now,* George H. Dillon March
*Inference,* Mark Van Doren.....January
*Is Freedom but a Name?* Walter Hendricks September
Jeffers, Robinson, *Adjustment*.....December
*Clouds at Evening*.....December
*Summer Holiday*.....December
*Two Garden Marbles*.....December
*John Weathervane,* Walter Hendricks..August
*Jongleur,* Katherine Newton.....March
L., W., *Epistle*.....April
*Notes for an Epilogue*.....July
*Were You Ever Alone?*.....July
*Last Song to a Poet,* Majorie Meeker.....March
LeClerq, Jacques, *Poems*.....October
*Legend,* George H. Dillon.....July
*Life,* Jean Adams.....August
*Lightnings,* MacKnight Black.....November
*Lovers Night,* Edward Sapir.....July
Luhrs, Marie, *Christ Bearing the Cross*....July
*Lullaby,* C. U.....November
*Lyric,* Loretta Roche.....December
*Machine-Born,* MacKnight Black.....January
*Machine-Strength,* MacKnight Black..January
*Manhattan,* Florence Kiper Frank..November
*Market Place,* Prescott Hoard.....September
*Marriage,* Eda Lou Walton.....July
Mead, Margaret, *For a Proud Lady*.....June
*Rose Tree of Assisi*.....November

Meeker, Marjorie, *Last Song to a Poet*..March
*Middle Class,* E. Merrill Root.....May
*Monotone,* Dorothy Cruikshank.....September
*Mortal Rose, The,* Harold Lewis Cook..March
*Mountains,* Glenn Ward Dresbach....January
Murphy, Charles R., *Two Sonnets*....November
*Narrative,* Howard McKinley Corning
October
*Negotiations with Earth,* Harold Vinal
November
*Negro, A,* Flora Bishop.....September
Nelson, Alzire, *Eucalyptus*.....October
*New Mother,* MacKnight Black.....January
*New England, 1865,* W. H. R.....September
Newton, Katherine, *"Born Dumb in Darkness"*
December
*Jongleur* .....March
*Perspective* .....June
*Singer, The* .....March
Nicholl, Louise Townsend, *Compass*..February
*No Trespassing,* James Courtney Challiss
October
*Notes,* George O'Neil.....March
*Notes for an Epilogue,* W. L.....July
O'Byrne, Cathal, *What the Ballad Singer Said*
October
O'Neil, George, *Hounds*.....July
*In the Gallery of Antiquities*.....March
*Notes* .....March
*Old King David Sings,* Horace Gregory
November
Olson, Ted, *Payment in Full*.....November
*On Bones,* George H. Dillon.....November
*Old Men, The,* Anne Seccombe.....February
*Pandora Wind,* Anne Persov.....October
*Pantomime,* Harold Vinal.....August
*Pantomime for a Spring Twilight,*
George H. Dillon.....May
Parker, Howard, *We Two Shall Move to*
*Fairy Places* .....March
*Passing of the Heirloom, The,*
Josephine Pollitt.....September
*Payment in Full,* Ted Olson.....November
Percy, William Alexander, *Hawker's Song*
November
*Heard in a Monastery Garden*....February
*Three old Tunes*.....February
*Perplexity,* Kathryn Washburn Harding
November
Persov, Anne, *Pandora Wind*.....October
*Perspective,* Katherine Newton.....June
*Poems,* Lindley Williams Hubbell.....October
*Poems,* Jacques LeClerq.....October
Pollitt, Josephine, *Apprenticed*.....September
*For the Mother of Lydia*.....September
*Forsaken Garden*.....September
*The Passing of the Heirloom*.....September
*Portrait,* Dorothy Cruikshank.....December
*Postlude of a Visionary,* Henri Faust..February
*Practical Soul, A,* Gladys Cosand.....August
*Preference,* Anne Singleton.....June
*Proposed Barter,* Grace Hazard Conkling
February
*Proud Heart Rained Upon,*
John Crowe Ransom.....June
*Puritan Dress,* Dorothy Gilbert.....September
*Quatrain,* Paul Francis Webster.....September
*Quiescence,* Edward Sapir.....July
R., W. H., *New England, 1865*.....September
Ransom, John Crowe,
*Proud Heart Rained Upon*.....June
*Reading Epitaphs,* Howard McKinley Corning
January
*Release,* Anne Seccombe.....February
*Remember This,* Lindley Williams Hubbell
July
*Remembered Farm,* Mark Van Doren..January
*Rio Grande de Norte,* Lillian White Spencer
October
Ritter, Margaret Tod, *Song*.....October
Roche, Loretta, *Death, A*.....July
*To a Young Girl*.....December
Root, E. Merrill, *Middle Class*.....May
*Unicorn, The*.....December
*Rush Hour,* Louis Ginsberg.....January
Sanderson, Elizabeth, *Forethought*.....July
Sapir, Edward, *Be not Afraid of Beauty*..July
*Chronicle* .....May
*Lovers' Night* .....July
*Quiescence* .....July
*Where the Little Children Ride*.....July
*Worms, Wind and Stone*.....May
*Sculpture, Philip Gray*.....December
*Against Analysis* .....February
Seccombe, Anne, *Elegy for a Young Girl*
August
*Old Men, The*.....February
*Release* .....February
*These Are Winged Folk*.....February
*Sequel,* Robert Wolf.....September
*Singer, The,* Katherine Newton.....March
Singleton, Anne, *Burial*.....June
*Council for Autumn*.....June
*Preference* .....June
*Sleet Storm*.....May
*Withdrawal* .....May
*Skyscrapers,* MacKnight Black.....November
*Skyscrapers, Murky Morning,* MacKnight
Black .....November
*Sleet Storm,* Anne Singleton.....May
Smith, Clark Ashton, *Two Sonnets after*
*Baudelaire* .....April
Smith, A. J. M., *Two Songs*.....April
*Snow,* Louis Ginsberg.....March
*Song,* Margaret Tod Ritter.....October
*Song Has Wings,* Howard McKinley Corning
August
*Sonnet,* Daniel Drayton.....March
*Sonnet No. 326,* Rolfe Humphries.....February
*Sophist,* Walter Hendricks.....September
*Specialization,* Walter Hendricks....September
Spencer, Lillian White, *Rio Grande del Norte*
October

*Stark,* MacKnight Black.....January
Stites, Lord, *Garden Tea*.....February
*"Stone looks not out,"* Elizabeth Thomas
December
*Storm,* LeBaron Cooke.....September
*Strangeness not of Promise, A,* Henri Faust
November
*Summer Holiday,* Robinson Jeffers....December
*Tag,* Mary Blackburn.....August
Taggard, Genevieve, *Tiger Moth*.....October
*These are Winged Folk,* Anne Seccombe
February
*These Springs Articulate,* George H. Dillon
May
Thomas, Elizabeth, *"Stone looks not out"*
December
Thro, Mary, *Doom*.....September
*Thorn and Weed,* Harold Vinal.....August
*Three Old Tunes,* William Alexander Percy
February
*Tiger Moth,* Genevieve Taggard.....October
*Time is a Spade,* Howard McKinley Corning
January
*To a Little Girl,* N. Bryllion Fagin..December
*To One who Fears for Me,* Eda Lou Walton
April
*To a Young Girl,* Loretta Roche.....December
*Translation,* Prescott Hoard.....March
*Tropic Waters,* Louis Ginsberg.....August
*Two Garden Marbles,* Robinson Jeffers
December
*Two Songs,* A. J. M. Smith.....April
*Two Sonnets,* Charles R. Murphy....November
*Two Sonnets after Baudelaire,*
Clark Ashton Smith.....April
*Turbine,* MacKnight Black.....January
*Turbine at High Speed,* MacKnight Black
January
*Turbine Heart,* MacKnight Black.....January
U. C., *Lullaby*.....November
*Unicorn, The,* E. Merrill Root.....April
*Unknown Wind, The,* Dorothy Burgess..March
Van Doren, Mark, *Inference*.....January
*Remembered Farm*.....January
Vinal, Harold, *Boy and the World*....November
*Negotiations with Earth*.....November
*Pantomime*.....August
*Thorn and Weed*.....August
*Voyage,* S. Bert Cooksley.....November
Walton, Eda Lou, *Marriage*.....July
*To One who Fears for Me*.....April
*When I had Left You*.....July
*Wind Fear*.....June
*We Two Shall Move to Fairy Places,*
Howard Parker .....March
Webster, Paul, *Quatrain*.....September
*Were You Ever Alone,* W. L.....July
*What the Ballad Singer Said,* Cathal O'Byrne
October
*When I had Left You,* Eda Lou Walton..July
*When You Are Here,* Harold Lewis Cook
March
*Where the Little Children Ride,* Edward Sapir
July
*Wind Fear,* Eda Lou Walton.....June
*Withdrawal,* Anne Singleton.....May
Wolf, Robert, *Sequel*.....September
*Worms, Wind and Stone,* Edward Sapir....May

PROSE

Adams, Léonie, *On Proprieties in Sphinxes*
June
*Apologia pro Specie Sua,* E. M. R...December
*Art and Revolution,* Rolfe Humphries.....May
Colum, Padraic, *Louise Townsend Nicholl*
July
*Hamlet, or the Artist's Defeat,* Robert Wolf
January
*Hickory Dickory Dock,* E. Merrill Root
October
Hoard, Prescott, *A moving Row*.....December
Hubbell, Lindley Williams, *Without Flaw*
October
Humphries, Rolfe, *Art and Revolution*....May
*Poet or Pedant?* .....March
*Precieuse: Model 1924*.....July
*"The Intricate Lovely Play of Sense"*
February
*Thick of Sight and Thin of Blood*....April
*Letter to Contributors, A*.....January
*Louise Townsend Nicholl,* Padraic Colum.July
*Moving Row, A,* Prescott Hoard.....December
*Mr. Mencken's Sound and Fury,* E. Merrill
Root .....October
*Notes and Comment,* March, April, May, July,
November, December, January, February
*On Proprieties in Sphinxes,* Leonie Adams
June
*Poet or Pedant?* Rolfe Humphries.....March
*Precieuse: Model 1924,* Rolfe Humphries..June
Root, E. Merrill, *Apologia pro Specie Sua*
December
*Hickory Dickory Dock*.....October
*Holy Yea, The*.....August
*Leprecaun in Indianapolis, A*.....August
*Mr. Mencken's Sound and Fury*....October
*Retrospect: the City of Dreadful Night*
September
*Shaking No Fist,* Anne Singleton.....January
Singleton, Anne, *Shaking No Fist*.....January
*"The Intricate Lovely Play of Sense"*
Rolfe Humphries.....February
*Thick of Sight and Thin of Blood*
Rolfe Humphries .....April
*Tiger and Moon,* Eda Lou Walton..December
Walton, Eda Lou, *Tiger and Moon*..December
*Within an Orchard*.....May
*Without Flaw,* Lindley Williams Hubbell
September
Wolf, Robert, *Hamlet, or the Artists Defeat*
January

## GUARANTORS OF *THE MEASURE*

MRS. VALLE AUSTIN
MRS. WILLIAM B. BELKNAP
MRS. M. B. GILBERT
T. C. HOEPFNER
LYDIA C. JOSSELYN
R. W. LEWIS
RUTH MCCALL
MRS. WILLIAM ELDER MARCUS
ELIZABETH SHAW MONTGOMERY
MRS. DWIGHT MORROW
M. FLORENCE NICHOLL
DR. FRANKWOOD WILLIAMS

## CONTRIBUTORS TO *THE MEASURE* FUND

(For Paying Poets)

GEORGE LAURENCE ANDREWS
MRS. W. B. BELKNAP
WITTER BYNNER
MARGUERITE DIXON CLARK
GLENN WARD DRESBACH
SARA BARD FIELD
MRS. DWIGHT MORROW
PHIL STONE
HELENA M. ULRICI
CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

Lindley Williams Hubbell, with this number, succeeds Pitts Sanborn on the editorial staff.

The March number of *The Measure* will contain a fac-simile of a rare ms. of Edgar Allan Poe, and an illuminating article prepared especially for us by Hervey Allen, who is working on a biography of the poet.

Joseph Auslander will edit *The Measure* during March, April, and May.

---


*WHERE* THE MEASURE *IS ON SALE*

Brentano's ..... Fifth Avenue and 27th Street, New York City
The Village Bookshop ..... 4 Christopher Street, New York City
The Washington Square Bookshop ..... 27 West 8th Street, New York City
The Sunwise Turn, Inc. ..... 51 East 44th Street, New York City
The Little Book Store ..... 51 East 60th Street, New York City
The Penguin Bookshop ..... 39 West 8th Street, New York City

BOSTON
The Old Corner Book Store
50 Bromfield Street

HARTFORD, CONN.
Mitchell's Book Shop

PLAINFIELD, N. J.
The Plainfield Bookshop
321 Park Avenue